

## CATARRH CAUSES CONSUMPTION

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## GARDNER IN A STATE OF MIND

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Dr. Parkhurst's Man Has Ho  
Words with Capt. Conneland

**Scene in the Mulberry Street Station After a Midnight Raid.**

Nine women and seven men were taken out of a disorderly house at 309 Elizabeth street shortly after midnight this morning and locked up in the Mulberry street station house.

The arrests were made on complaints before Justice Taintor at the Yorkville Court by Agent Gardner, of the Parkhurst Society for the Suppression of Crime. The agent was granted the warrants yesterday, and they were placed in the hands of Round man Griffin, of the court squad, for exe-

The appearance of so many police on Ellis street at midnight caused a crowd assembling. The Mulberry street policemen kept guard on the outside, while the court officers waited in front of the station house. The crowd yelled and hooted, and had to be dispersed by the police. The prisoners were escorted to the station and taken to the jail.

Capt. Copeland was at the station-house when the prisoners reached there. Agnew and his wife had been brought to the ground at the raiding of the house from the front and asked that a list of the prisoners be made and sent to the Court. The officer who assisted in making the arrests, told him. Capt. Copeland refused to comply, as

"You can't have the names," said the CIA man, and back out of the way and don't interfere.

Agent Gardner protested emphatically. He was entitled to have his request complied with. He had a right to know.

"The police are making the arrests and we'll turn the prisoners over to the Court to decide whether or not they should have the officers' names or not."

"If I can't get their names, then I'll get the names of the officers," Gardner said. "It belongs to the Society's work, and I want a name report."

Gardner then edged around in front of the policeman, took the policeman who had threatened him by the arm, pulled him back, and, pulling a piece of paper from his pocket, began to take down the numbers of the names.

In a twinkling every policeman moved his helmet further back on his head, so that he could see Gardner. He knew that Agent's race knew no bounds. He complained bitterly of his treatment. He

The proprietress of the railed house gave her name as Della Smith, thirty years of age. Agent Gardner was seen this morning. She said that she had been married to a man of uncertain how much authority Capt. Gardner had in the case, and whether he could turn him down "with impunity."

**Ominous Cracks in the Levee.**  
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.)  
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 18.—The levee on the side of the ferry-house at Algiers has cracked, and the residents on the river front reported that the levee was in danger of falling in. Several heavy cavings are reported. Plaquemine Parish, below New Orleans.

**Still Looking for Glandered Horses.**  
The health department's veterinary surgeon is still looking for the owner of the horse that was found dead in the city.

**Signal-Light Factory Burned.**  
The William Gaston Factory, on Benson avenue, West New Brighton, for the manufacture of marine signal lights, was totally destroyed by fire at a late hour last night. The time taken to extinguish the flames caused the loss to be about \$2,000.

**Two Dwelling Houses Burned.**  
Fire broke out in a two-story frame dwelling at Richmond, Staten Island, early this morning, and it was destroyed. The building was owned by the Johnson estate. The property was situated on an adjoining block owned by Mrs. L. Brockhoff, of Sunny Side, N. J., which was also destroyed. The total loss is about \$5,000.

and actually drew her into his embrace. With a bound I was at his side, while he long, wet leaves of the mountain maple flapped spitefully in my face, as if they were taking part with the supernatural against me.

"Ghost, mortal or devil! I care not what you are!" I gasped, as I tried to seize him by the throat, feeling ready to brave the hosts of hades itself for Nellie's sake.

The mysterious, icy feeling I have referred to before ran through my veins, if my life blood had congealed, as I tried to tear Nellie from his fearful clasp.

Then

"I forget all about this brook and the

"I wonder how I came to mistake a little stream of water in the moonlight for a burglar's ghost." — *George C. Jenks in The Fort Worth Bulletin.*